

Chapter 13 Hesitant To Get Divorced

"No, thank you, Mr. Hilton." Debbie quickly texted Carlos. "I'm busy. I don't want any of your properties. Hence, I don't think there's anything else we need to talk about."

Carlos read the messages curiously. He found it interesting that his so-called wife wasn't interested in his properties.

If he remembered correctly, the woman was only in her early twenties.

Since she was so young wasn't she in need of money?

Plus, her parents had already passed away. Given her circumstance, why did she want a divorce?

In her early twenties... Carlos thought of Debbie's information again.

Debbie was only 21 years old, but she had begun to hook up with all kinds of men. Young people were really restless these days. Then what about his nominal wife?

After thinking for a while, Carlos replied, "Do you have a crush on anyone?"

If so, he should sign the divorce agreement.

He had never been so hesitant in his life. The truth was, he felt bad for his wife. After all, he had been so busy with work that he didn't pay any attention to her over the years.

Even though the marriage was only nominal, his wife was supposed to be honored with the title "Mrs. Hilton".

But the woman didn't seem to give a damn about that title. She had kept such a low profile. During the past three years, still barely a few people knew that Carlos was married.

Debbie paused for a few minutes before texting him back. "No, I don't. Mr. Hilton, please rest assured that I've never done anything bad in the past three years. Can you please just sign it?"

She didn't have a crush on anyone. Even if she did, that was all in the past now.... And it happened a long time ago.

Debbie tapped her fingers on the phone impatiently. What was taking Carlos so long? Why did he seem so hesitant? He just needed to sign the divorce agreement. A simple scribble on a piece of paper, and everything would be settled. He was so unwilling to sign it, as if he had feelings for her.

Debbie shook her head. On second thought, she was probably the most generous wife to him ever! Her husband had hooked up with countless women during their marriage, but she never cared about that. If he had had any other woman as a wife, she probably wouldn't have tolerated such promiscuity.

"Okay," Carlos finally replied. "But please talk to my grandfather about it. If he agrees, I'll sign the papers immediately."

After all, the marriage was arranged by Carlos's grandfather.

Debbie's eyes widened when she read his message. She couldn't take this anymore! Who on earth was Carlos's grandfather? She didn't even know!

Her father was the one who had asked her to marry Carlos. He had said at the time that she wouldn't regret marrying Carlos. She rolled her eyes at the memory.

But where could she find Carlos's grandfather?

Debbie typed on her phone angrily. "He's your grandfather. Why don't you look for him yourself? You want me to be the bad guy? You wish!"

Debbie frowned unhappily. This cunning old fox, who was six or seven years older than her, was so annoying.

Carlos read her message with amusement. His wife was like a short-tempered child.

The message reminded him of Debbie. She always spoke in an angry tone of voice.

When he caught himself thinking about Debbie again, Carlos's eyes flickered with annoyance.

He wasn't in the mood to deal with a girl, so he simply replied, "My grandfather is in New York. Why don't you look for him now?"

Carlos tossed his phone aside. He had promised his grandfather that he wouldn't divorce his wife, but his wife wasn't in on this agreement. If she really wanted to divorce him, she would have to persuade his grandfather first.

Debbie gritted her teeth, seething with rage.

Realizing that this man wasn't going to sign the divorce papers any time soon, she grew agitated. He was crazy! She couldn't just go to New York to look for his grandfather.

She put her phone down and sighed heavily.

Later that afternoon, Kasie whined, "Debbie, what's the matter with you? Are you going through an early menopause?"

Debbie rolled her eyes at her friend. "I'm just so annoyed!"

Carlos was being so difficult!

"Who's annoying you? Let me help you beat them up," Kasie teased.

However, this only served to annoy Debbie even further. Should she just admit to Kasie that she was married to Carlos and that she wanted a divorce? But that Carlos didn't agree?

Thinking of this, Debbie burst into bitter laughter. If she said that out loud, Kasie would think she was just insane.

"How about this? I'm going to a party tomorrow evening. You should come and take your mind off of things." As they talked, Kasie recalled what her father had said this morning.

"No, thank you," Debbie refused bluntly.

She didn't like these kinds of things. Besides, she was experiencing the anxiety over the divorce. She really wasn't in the mood to go to some party.

Kasie continued stubbornly, "Famous people are attending. Celebrities, eligible bachelors, you name it! They'll all be there. You'll regret not going to the party!"

"I don't want to go." Debbie pushed Kasie's face away and shook her head firmly.

Kasie pouted like a spoiled child. "We can just go and have fun. We'll eat and drink a little. Just go with me!"

When Debbie was about to explode, Kasie jumped up and rushed to the closet. She took out a gift box and said, "I've already prepared a dress for you. It's your size!"

Staring at the dress in Kasie's hands, Debbie had no choice but to agree to go to the party with her.